

Dream-Land.
Up anchor! Up anchor!
Set sail and away!
The ventures of dream-land
Are thine for a day.
Yo, heave ho!
Aloft and alow
Elf sailors are singing,
Yo, heave ho!
The breeze that is blowing
So sturdy strong
Shall fill up thy sail
With the breath of a song.
A fay at the mast-head
Keeps watch o'er the sea;
Blown amber of tresses
Thy banner shall be;
They freight the lost laughter
That sad souls have missed,
They cargo the kisses
That never were kissed.
And ho, for a fay maid
Born merry in June,
Of lusty red roses
Beneath a red moon.
The star pearls that midnight
Casts down on the sea,
Dark gold of the sunset
Her fortune shall be.
And ever she whispers,
More tenderly sweet,
"Love am I, love only,
Love perfect, complete,
The world is my lordship,
The heart is my slave;
I mock at the ages,
I laugh at the grave.
With sail with me ever,
A dream-haunted sea,
Whose whispering waters
Shall murmur to thee
The love-haunted lyrics
Dead poets have made
Ere life had a fitter,
Ere love was a fad?"
Then up with the anchor!
Set sail and away!
The ventures of love-land
Are thine for a day.

—[S. Weir Mitchell, M. D., in Harper

"FORSAKEN."

Dick Dormers and Ivan Bruce journeyed by the mail car that ran from Westport to Achill on a fine September day in 1889. Dormers was an Englishman who had inherited a Scotch property and wore a Tam o' Shanter cap out of compliment to it. He was 30 years of age, and was "doing" the West of Ireland for the second time that year, having been over in the spring and hunted an April fox on the caledonians, and as such wore an English touring suit. He had spent all the latter years of his life abroad. Dormers had come to Achill to fish off the Head, to make the ascent of Croughan, and to see a winsome face which he had viewed (and interviewed) during his first visit in the spring. "I shall come again," he had promised the trustful owner of it, and although he was quite a commonplace young English man, so far as ordinary sins went, he never really broke his word to a woman.

The Scotchman had but one actual object in going—namely, to redress, if possible, a wrong he had been guilty of in his unregenerate days, but he did not care to mention it, lest the time for redressing might be over. So he pretended curiosity to revisit the country in which some of his early years had been passed, and also a desire to pick up "an Irish horse or two," and perhaps a couple of ponies.

When they got to Dugort and had dined, the two went out for a stroll, and discussed their plans for the next day.

"I shall turn out early," said Dormers, "and do some fishing if the day is good enough; and if it isn't, why we can do Croughan, or the Watch Tower, or whatever else you like."

"Thank you," said Bruce, "but I believe I shall push on to Keem."

Mr. Richard Dormers was not often known to blush, but his face certainly reddened a little as he turned round quickly and scanned that of his friend.

"To Keem!" he repeated. "Why, how very odd! I must go there myself. Do you know the place at all?"

"Yes, or at least I did years ago. I have no doubt there are plenty of changes now."

Both men had evidently something to hide. However, although they looked rather curiously at one another, they smoked a peaceful pipe together, listened to the song of the grasshopper warbler as it reeled out its continuous little "whirr, whirr," like the spinning of a fishing reel—and then went back to their hotel to have what they called "an early turn in."

Next morning betimes they set out for Keem. Situated on the southern slope of the mighty Croughan and in the midst of the most beautiful emerald green pastures they found the picturesque village looking its loveliest the warm sunshine lighting up the perfectly golden strand beneath it, and a refreshing breeze stealing in from the wide sea, and stirring the dahlias and gladioli in the well-cared little gardens. Before they came within sight of habitations, however, they had to pass through a piece of unfrequented land, with the ruins of a cottage upon it, the old roof of which

was covered with shaking grasses and loose stones. Close to it was a wall, with an ivy-twined cross on the margin, and from this a perfectly clear stream went babbling away to join a score of others in the meadows.

Dormers was foremost when they came up to the spot, and Bruce saw him start and heard him utter an exclamation as he turned quite round and drew his comrade quickly into shadow.

"Hush!" he whispered, "don't speak, or she'll be frightened; but look, and tell me presently what you think."

Bruce, rearing up his tall, straight figure, peeped silently over the slanting corner of the ruined cottage roof, and saw a dark-haired, dark-eyed splendidly handsome girl setting down a pitcher, which was much too heavy for her, and with the effort flushing her cheeks with becoming crimson.

Having placed her pitcher by the cottage wall she was about to resume her burden and go her way, when her eye caught Bruce's helmet, and blushing and confused, she glanced at him inquiringly. The young man hesitated whether to retire or go forward; but the latter impulse prevailed, and involuntarily lifting his head covering he asked her about the welfare of a Mrs. Jolliffe, who had years ago lived at Keem.

"She is dead, sir," the girl answered simply; "but her husband is alive, and I live with him."

"Over in that direction?" Bruce asked, pointing away to the right.

"Yes, sir; just there. He's now old and weak, and I come to the brook every morning for water, and save him carrying it up."

She did not wait for further converse, but declining the aid he offered her, poised her pitcher gracefully upon her strong young shoulder and walked away by the back of the ruined hut.

Dormers started forward as she did so, but was restrained by his friend.

"Well, I call this cool," the young Englishman said, vexedly. "You monopolize all the talk. By Jove, I'll go after her and let her know that I have kept my promise."

Bruce, instead of answering, quietly linked the speaker's arm within his own.

"You shall see her presently," he said; "but meanwhile I have something serious enough to talk to you about. Seventeen years ago my mother (a widow) died, leaving me to take charge of a little two-year-old girl—a sister's child, whom she had adopted. I was a lad, without much gallant or money. An advertisement about a fishery tempted me to this part of Ireland, and being charmed with Achill (though the fishery turned out a myth), I stopped on here with the little one at the house of a farmer named Jolliffe, his good wife being particularly taken with the child. Well, one day I fell in with some men who were making up a party to tempt fortune in California. It didn't take much to persuade me to join them. I gave the Jollifffes what cash I could spare to care for my little cousin, and away I started, promising to be back in five years.

Deserted Farms in New England.

"The report of the Labor Commissioner of Maine shows," notes the New York Press, "that over three thousand farms in that State have been abandoned by their former occupants. The same movement has been going on for years in other parts of New England. The native Americans are leaving the farms for the cities and the West. Some succeed in winning wealth and perhaps fame besides; the majority seldom achieve a better living than they would have had on the ancestral farm. But the farms do not all remain abandoned. Foreigners see their value and take them up for a song, eventually saving a competence by industry and patience from the soil that the some of the old settlers had deserted. There is something painful and pathetic in the spectacle of homesteads, which once sheltered the children of the Pilgrim and the Puritan, now tenanted by strangers who know nothing of the traditions and the struggles of the earlier occupants. For the present, perhaps, no change is likely."

The fellows I went with were honest enough, but we met with no good luck for a long while, and when the five years were up I had scarcely enough money to keep body and soul together where I was, and not a cent had I to send home. I'm ashamed to tell you that things went on so for another five years—for I was a bad manager, an idler when I ought to have worked—and by that time the world had so hardened my heart that I almost forgot the Jollifffes and my obligations to them, and if I thought at all of the child I had left behind, it was only to think and hope that she might be dead. At length, as I have told you, I turned up gold. In time I grew pretty rich, came home to the old country, met you shortly after, and determined to break old ground again, and if possible do justice to these good people of Keem.

"Jolliffe is not a common name in this place. The man, I have learned, is alive, his wife is dead, and the girl whom we saw here at the well is Winifred Morton, my dead mother's niece. I have been everything that was wrong, I know, but I may yet repair matters; and as you have been good enough to restrain yourself from interrupting me or knocking me down will you please go straight to Mr. Jolliffe's cottage and tell him and Winifred that when Ivan Bruce shall have pulled himself together bit (for I am really upset, old chap), he will come right up and ask their pardon, and that they will let him shake them once more by the hand."

"Caswell, my lord; my name is Caswell, not Aswell."

"Oh!" said the bishop, eying him critically, as a new spasm seized upon his unhappy acquaintance. "Well, Mr. Caswell, don't you think you would be Aswell without the sea?"

Two hours after a merry, laughing

trip—two men and a girl—were climbing up the great shelving shoulder of Slieve Croughan, by the smooth moor, and ascent; Winifred, or "Wisha," as they found she was called, neatly and prettily dressed, and quite as delighted with her new cousin as she was coy and timid with his friend. They climbed on further, to the very edges of the grand sea cliffs, and peeped down them into the green valleys far beneath, where the wild goats browsed, and the sea birds darted through the foam below, and Wisha pointed out to them on the right the crags of Broadhaven, and the islands or Inishglor, Inishkeeda and Devilau, and on the left those of Turk, Bluffin and Clare, with Clew Bay stretching right up to Westport, and the grand Croagh Patrick Mountain forming its magnificent boundary on the south.

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A SALT MINE.

What a Reporter Saw a Thousand Feet Underground.

Loosening the Salt Rock with Charges of Dynamite.

A reporter has been visiting the Retsos Salt Mine, near Greigsville, N. Y. We quote from his account as follows: The descent at the Retsos is made without discomfort, the cage runs smoothly and there is an absence of the trepidation one experiences on the trip upward. In what seems a very few seconds we come to an abrupt stop at the floor of the mine, at a distance of almost exactly a thousand feet from the surface. Hurriedly we leave the car, for the moment it reaches the bottom, the door of the cage opens, a grim looking driver stands ready with his mule, and in less time than it takes to repeat "Jack Robinson" he has made his hitch to the car and is off with it up some of the many lines of railroad leading from the shaft into the various rooms and corridors of the mine.

Let us follow the mule driver and his car down one of the narrow passages, so narrow that one has to hug the side to avoid being struck by the approaching car that has now switched on to this track and comes rushing down. Soon we are in a large room and the gray salt around and over us lighted by the candles of the workmen with a flickering light, gives a jagged rock look to the interior. The snowy whiteness that one associates with salt is lacking, and the dull appearance of the interior is all the more surprising. Yet in some of the chambers there is a crystalline glistening and reflection of the light that makes the saltiness of the place seem more real. But there is a closeness of air and a certain dampness, notwithstanding the absence of water-drip, which bids us move on, and we do to a room where the salt rock is being loosened.

The important work is accomplished by the use of the steam drill of which the mine was using, as was discovered, some nine sets. There are a dozen drills in a set and the bank of drills is run upon its truck against the wall of salt rock and started downward into the wall at an angle of say 44 degrees. As soon as the drill-holes are of sufficient depth, the drills are pulled, the entire set wheeled out of harm's way, a row of dynamite cartridges placed in the holes, a wire from the battery attached, and, as the operator steps into an adjacent chamber, an explosion brings off the rock in great quantities. Diagonally upward, holes are next drilled, a second explosion bringing down the rock above the first, and so on.

The loading of this rock on the cars is done largely by hand, the men throwing on the larger pieces and resorting to their shovels only for the very finest rock. But to handle these salt boulders requires a large amount of breaking up with mallets or picks and in this, as in all else about the mine, we observe the greatest care to prevent rust, which is so natural to a salt mine. The mallets are of brass, the verdigris accumulating being preferable to the stain of iron rust. The shovels are of the brightest steel and are placed, when not in use, in a tank of running water. The mules' hoofs are enclosed in a leather boot, extended to above the knee and hock, to avoid the rust from their shoes.

On we wander from room to room, and we make a running estimate of the track mileage as we go. This estimate, confirmed by subsequent developments, would show that at least 15 miles of car track is now in use in the mine. There is plenty of rock yet to mine, and the mine is now using from 75 to 100 men ten hours a day in the mine, and about 75 above ground in getting about 500 tons of salt a day from this old sea bottom to the great markets of the world and turning it into the gold that doth not rust.

Form Different Standpoints.

Ethel—Oh, at last! It has been years, Alphouse, since I saw you.

Alphouse—Oh, my own Ethel, it has been centuries.

Ethel's father (up in the library)—Maggie who was that you just let in?

Maggie—It was Mr. Cumlots, sir.

Ethel's father—Great Guns, this is the ninth time he's been here this week. He might as well live here.

—[Boston Courier.

Extending the Comparison.

She (adjusting her skates)—Oh, isn't the ice beautiful! The lake is like a huge mirror.

He—Yes, and if you don't look out you'll be pretty apt to see yourself in it.

—[American Grocer.

Poison-proof Animals.

Neither differences of organization in animals nor in the constitution of the poisonous substance generally afford any clue for interpreting an exceptional want of effect. Unaccountable is the immunity of rabbits against belladonna leaves (*Atropa belladonna*, deadly nightshade). You may feed them with belladonna for weeks without observing the least toxic symptoms. The meat of such animals, however, proves poisonous to any who eats it, producing the same symptoms as the plant. Pigeons and various other herbivora are also to some degree safe from the effects of this poison, while in warm-blooded carnivora it causes paralysis and asphyxia. In frogs the effect is a different one, consisting of spasms.

The meat of goats which had fed on hemlock has sometimes occasioned poisonous effects. Chickens are nearly hardy against *nux vomica* and the extremely dangerous alkaloid, strichine, contained in it, while in the smallest amount it is fatal poison to rodents. More remarkable yet in this respect is immunity of *Cholepus Hoffmanni*, a kind of sloth, living on the island of Ceylon, which, when given ten grains of strichine, was not much affected. Pigeons are possessed of high immunity from morphine, the chief alkaloid of opium, as well as from belladonna. Eight grains were required to kill a pigeon, not much less than the mortal dose for a man. Cats are extremely sensitive to fox-glove (*Digitalis purpurea*), which on the contrary may be given to rabbits and various birds in pretty large doses.

—[The Popular Science Monthly.

Rain by Artificial Means.

Captain James Allen, acting signal officer of the War Department, in reply to interrogatories recently addressed to him regarding the probability of producing rain by artificial means, said: "One fact would seem to be easily admitted, that an attempt to explode gunpowder in order to practically demonstrate the advisability of attempts in rain production should at first be made after most careful consideration of the atmospheric conditions. For example, if these explosions should be made in the centre of a high area, as shown by our weather maps, or even after a low area has passed any point, we may be absolutely certain no rain will follow.

The first experiments should be undertaken to the southeast or east of a low area, and 300 to 600 miles from the centre.

"Observing stations should be established every five or 10 miles for 200 miles to the eastward of the point of explosion. If the explosions are made in a comparatively clear sky and after the unmistakable clouds are observed to the eastward and not to the westward, some connection may be surmised. It must be said, however, that even if the production of rain be practicable, it can only be for a very limited area, and it is believed that any benefit which can possibly arise from such rain can never amount to the expense of the enterprise."

—[Scientific American.

A Carp's Tenacity of Life.

Mr. H. Yost, Jr., of this city tells a fish story that is worthy to rank with the classics, only that there are any

COUNTERFEITERS.

Their Capture Is an Extremely Difficult Matter.

They Work in Gangs and are Ruled by a Chief.

The Secret Service Bureau in this city is not a widely-advertised place and the methods used in detecting the counterfeit money men are kept as close as the name of the bureau would imply. Outside of the office itself there is probably not any one who knows how many men are employed in running down those who make and sell the base coin or counterfeit the bills. This kind of defective work is one of the most difficult as the counterfeiter is usually a man who is intelligent and careful to keep his track well concealed. The days when he manufactured his coin or worked over the bit of paper to make a note in some country recess are over. The large cities are now found to be the most secure spots for the making of counterfeit money, and there he is less liable to be discovered.

At the least suspicion he is enabled to pack up and move away on half an hour's notice. The maker of the money never passes it. He would not bend to such low work. He is the skilled artisan who only makes and sells at wholesale. There is also a middleman who buys the stuff and makes a profit in selling it in small quantities to the men who do the passing. So the detectives, who find little difficulty in securing the poor ignorant fellows who go around to small stores and buy a cheap article and then offer a bad dollar, procuring good change, meet with obstacles at every step in trying to get their clutches on the principals. Often a month elapses, during which the detectives are kept busy following up clews, before they get near the man, and then are baffled by his suddenly changing his usual haunts and retreats.

To get the evidence is also a very difficult matter and the law is strict, requiring that the arrested man had the intent to pass and knew it was counterfeit money, while in the case of the manufacturer the evidence must connect him with the making of the coin. If a quantity of tools are found in a house which are clearly used in making bad coin the defense will be set up that the plant was left by a boarder or some other person and the arrested party will claim he was not aware of their nature, and a cloud of reasonable doubt will be raised by the lawyer defending him. So the detectives always try to catch the maker in the act of making.

The detective must use great care not to throw out the least word that could be taken suspiciously by the man against whom he is collecting evidence. Once in a while a passer, when arrested, will disclose the maker, but that is rare, and for the most part they remain mute while going through the process of law, and never give a hint as to where they procured the stuff. Of course the old counterfeiters, on coming out of prison, are watched, but not much useful information is gained in this manner. There are several gangs of counterfeiters that the Secret Service men would like to get hold of. The two-dollar crowd are turning out lots of bad bills. The silver dollar men are evidently very active, while there seems to be as many bad quarters out as ever. The makers of the latter class in this city have a large organization which works in apparent harmony.

For instance, there is a chief who rules the gang. If he is captured his mantle falls upon another member of the company, usually time of service being the qualification of promotion. The money is distributed among the passers, who go out in pairs, one to do the "shoving," a coin at a time, while the other carries the bag and watches for danger. The Italians are the men who do most of the passing. Many use fruit stands to work off bad coins in change. It is not unlikely that a good deal of the small counterfeit money is made in Italy and sent over here.

To get these petty passers the detectives haunt the saloons, get acquainted with the men, and ingratiate themselves until they are trusted sufficiently to be sold the bad coin. Having once purchased a lot, the detective pretends that he has passed it, gets some more, and is introduced to others of the gang, and finally, when a goodly number have been placed, a raid is made and the men are gathered in.

Many bankers bring bills to the bureau for inspection, and an agent from the department at Washington travels through the country, visiting banks and financial houses, picking up bad

bills. A fine specimen was shown in this city lately of a pen-and-ink-made twenty-dollar bill. It had been made by a monomaniac, and was not for business purposes. — [New York Times.]

Growth of Brains.

In the inferior races the head ceases to grow after 20 years of age. In the superior races the head of the intelligent and educated man increases in volume until 35, 40 and 45 years. The skull has reached its maximum development when the bones composing it are wedged together, so as to render the sutures invisible. Once the sutures are solidified, the future growth of the brain is impossible, which is said to explain the insurmountable difficulty experienced in trying to teach illiterate adults.

The solidification varies according to the investigating activity of the brain. It takes place between the ages of 22 and 25 years in the task worker, between 28 and 35 in the middle class manual professions, and after 35 in educated persons who practise intellectual professions. Recent experiments in the female colleges of Russia prove that woman's head, though naturally smaller than man's, is susceptible to similar development under educational treatment. The skulls of great thinkers grow throughout life.

The frontal sutures of Pascal, Rousseau and others who lived to a ripe old age were found open. Comparison of the individual skulls of different races discloses the singular and important fact that in the inferior beings the solidification of the sutures begins in the frontal, or intellectual, region of the brain, and terminates in the occipital, or animal. In the case of the civilized man, on the contrary, the solidification, beginning much later in life, starts in the occipital, passes to the parietal bone, and thence to the frontal, thus giving to the last moment the fullest scope to the superior functions. — [Chicago News.]

Uncle Sam's Military Road.

The military road, of which I have just spoken, was constructed by the United States government to connect the military posts of the Far West with one another. Beginning at Fort Leavenworth, on the Missouri River, it passed through Fort Riley at the junction of the forks of the Kaw, and then, still keeping up the north side of the Republican Fork, went on to Fort Kearney, still farther west, then to Fort Laramie, which in those days was so far on the frontier of our country that few people ever saw it except military men and the emigrants to California. At the time of which I am writing, there had been a very heavy emigration to California, and companies of emigrants, bound to the Golden Land, still occasionally passed along the great military road.

Interlacing this highway are innumerable trails and wagon-tracks, the traces of the great migration to the Eldorado of the Pacific; and here and there were the narrow trails made by Indians on their hunting expeditions and warlike excursions. Roads, such as our emigrants had been accustomed to in Illinois, there were none. First came the faint traces of human feet and of unshod horses and ponies; then the well-defined trail of hunters, trappers and Indians; then the wagon-track of the military trains, which, in course of time, were smoothed and formed into the military road kept in repair by the United States government. — [St. Nicholas.]

Feels Better.

"Are you happy since your second marriage?" he asked of his friend as they rode downtown on a Broadway car.

"Oh, much happier."

"Then it was a case of love?"

"Exactly, the same as with my first, but there is this difference—I feel more settled."

"In your mind?"

"Yes, and all other ways. It was never quite clear in my first venture who ran the house, but in this case everything is plain sailing, and no occasion for dispute."

"She knocked, eh?"

"Oh, no, she's boss." — [New York Sun.]

A Long Mortgage.

One of the oldest mortgages in the State was "lifted" in Lubec last week. Major Truscott, a Revolutionary hero, who died at Lubec in 1826, left by his will the sum of \$300, the income of which was to be devoted to the use of public schools in District No. 3, in that town. The money has been invested in a mortgage on one piece of real estate in Lubec for fifty years and the interest regularly paid. — [Pittsfield (Mass.) Advertiser.]

A Birthday Song.
When berries redder on the thorn,
O that's the time my love was born!
When the leaves are scarlet in the vale,
And all the feathered grasses pale,
When humming wheels thrash out the corn,
'Twas then my pretty love was born.

When hunters wind the merry horn,
By woodland ways and acres shorn;
In darkening days when nests are chill,
In silent days when birds are still—
Except the lark, who sings in scorn
Of wintry care—my love was born.

O wailing month with tresses torn!
O happy month no more forlorn!
For thee, though earth lie mute below,
In heaven the trumpet winds shall blow,
The rose of eve, the star of morn,
Shall crown the month my love was born.

HUMOROUS.

A fertile theme—The beaver hat.

An absorbing subject—A piece of blotting paper.

"A great movement on foot"—When the elephant walks around.

The dime museum man holds a lien on the fat woman for advance salary.

Queen Victoria seldom retires before 2 a.m. Her son does not think she retires soon enough.

There isn't much deception about dressmakers. They are generally busy when they seam-sew.

It is true that an office-seeker may live to a green old age without ever reaching his declining years.

The members of the Farmers' Alliance may doubtless be set down as being in favor of hoe'em rule.

"Why—hello! You are the last person I expected to meet." "Well, I am the last person you have met."

"Does the cellar leak?" "No. It's had two feet of water in it ever since I've been in the house. Not a drop has got out."

Smiley—Now, remember, I don't want a very large picture. Photographer—All right, sir. Then please close your mouth.

He—"I fear I shall never be perfectly happy, my dear." She—"Why not, darling?" He—"Because I can never forget all the mean things I know about myself."

The Skill of Criminals.

I have been struck lately by the way in which the public are interested in the work of criminals, not, I am sorry to say, in their hopes or prospects of reform, but in whatever is connected with their criminality and the prison life to which it leads. An inlaid wooden box made by Isaac Sawtell while in prison attracts crowds before a Washington street shop window, in which it is exhibited. The box, by the way, which is said to be composed of nearly forty-five hundred pieces of wood, is of excellent workmanship and shows the maker's ingenuity and a sense to a good deal of advantage.

It impressed me anew with the often expressed idea that if criminals would only use in respectable occupations the skill which they devote to nefarious ways of earning a living they would make handsome incomes. But there is something in the excitement of criminal practices which, in certain natures, has an attraction beyond the steady gain of humdrum honesty. — [Boston Post.]

Value of the Metals.

The jewelers' Circular tells its readers that in 1887 the valuation of the metals mined in the United States was estimated at \$250,000,000 and that of the minerals of every kind, including the natural gas and mineral waters, at \$288,000,000, as \$206,000,000 in 1886. Although precious metals are also found in the Alleghenies, the principal States where gold is found are California, Colorado and Dakota, while Colorado, Nevada, Utah and Montana are richest in silver.

The proportion of the yield of gold and silver has changed entirely since 1860; for the decade from 1850 to 1859, \$555,000,000 gold and \$555,000,000 silver were mined. The two decades from 1860 to 1879 showed a decided change—\$870,000,000 gold and \$442,000,000 silver; from 1880 to 1887 only \$264,000,000 gold and \$375,000,000 silver. In the year 1887 the mines furnished \$33,100,000 gold and \$53,400,060 silver.

Smallest Book Ever Printed.

The smallest book ever printed since type was invented is, perhaps, the microscopical edition of Dante's "Divine Comedy," which was exhibited at the Paris exposition of 1882. The volume of 500 pages was somewhat less than half an inch square. Two sheets of paper sufficed to contain all of the 14,323 verses. The type in this little book was cast in 1834, but no complete book had hitherto been turned out, the difficulties for compositors and revisers being so arduous that no one would continue the work for any length of time.

C. M. HALL,

PLEASANT ST. Arlington,

DEALER IN

CHOICE FAMILY

Groceries

Flour, Butter, Cheese,
Fancy Groceries of all Varieties
CANNED GOODS, ETC.

Special attention is called to the

WHITE ELEPHANT FLOUR,

The Best in the Market,

and as it is received direct from the Mill we are enabled to sell it at the

Lowest Boston Prices.

GIVE US A CALL.

WM. A. KANDAL,
(formerly of Lexington.)

Upholsterer and Decorator,

MAIN STREET,
Near American Express Office,

CONCORD, - MASS.

Citizens of Lexington requiring the services of an upholsterer, etc., will send orders to Wm. A. Kandal, who conducted the business several years at Lexington. Patrons and their work will receive

Prompt Attention

as formerly and work will be done either at home or at his shop in Concord. Orders called for and Delivered Free of Expense in Lexington. — [Advertiser.]

A. A. DENIS,

opp. Mystic st., Arlington ave.

Cabinet Maker and Upholsterer.

New and second hand

Furniture Bought and Sold,

Also, storage for furniture.

ARLINGTON, MASS. Janly.

CHARLES GOTTL,

CARRIAGE MANUFACTURER

—AND—

BLACKSMITH,

Arlington ave., opp. Arlington Hotel, Arlington

Particular attention paid to

HORSE SHOEING.

has, already finished and in course of building

Heavy Market and Manure Wagons,

SLEIGHS, PUNGS, Etc.

Arlington Bakery,

N. J. HARDY, Proprietor.

Hot Rolls, Biscuit, and Fresh

Bread Daily.

Hot Brown Bread and Baked Beans

on SUNDAYS. Teams go through the streets each day to leave bread and take orders.

PLAIN and FANCY CAKE.

ICE CREAM to order, in large or small quantities. Catering in best manner for small or large parties.

Special attention to filling wedding orders.

TELEPHONE NO. 3-2, Somerville.

GEORGE W. AUSTIN,

ARLINGTON.

Auctioneer & Real Estate Agt.

Sales of Real or Personal Property promptly attended to.

Houses for Sale or to Let.

13dec House lots for Sale.

JAMES A. BAILEY, JR.,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

ARLINGTON AVENUE,

Opp. Medford Street, Arlington.

Evenings at 7. Tuesday and Thursday afternoons at 4. Other hours by appointment.

11July5

W. H. KING,

HORSE SHOER,

Cox. Grove Street, Arlington, Mass.

Carriage Repairing and New Work as ordered.

Special personal attention to shoeing difficult horses. All diseases of the feet attended to.

THOMAS H. KING,

HORSE SHOER,

Arlington, Mass.

Carriage Repairing and New Work as ordered.

Special personal attention to shoeing difficult horses. All diseases of the feet attended to.

O. J. DERBY,

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Glasses

Arlington Ave., opp. Medford St.

Watches, Clocks, Spectacles, Eye Glasses and Jewelry Repaired and Warranted.

AGENT FOR COAL AND WOOD.

ARLINGTON

ABOUT TOWN MATTERS.

Notices of concerts, lectures, entertainments, etc., to which an admission fee is charged, must be paid for as advertisements by the line.

—Don't forget the Arlington Brass Band concert and dance, arranged for next Thursday evening, in Town Hall.

—The "Clover Lend-a-Hand Club" realized a quite handsome sum for their treasury by the entertainment given in Town Hall, last week.

—Mr. R. Walter Hilliard has a supply of tasteful calendars he will furnish to any calling at his insurance office on Arlington avenue.

—Mr. Henry Frost, of Belmont, spending the winter months at Asheville, N. C., has been at home for a short time attending to private business affairs.

—Societies and organizations desiring to have the list of officers desired should instruct the secretary of each to forward the same to this office. The space will be gladly given.

—Rev. E. H. Capen, D. D., President of Tufts College, will preach at the Universalist church, next Sunday, Rev. Mr. Tomlinson supplying the college pulpit in exchange.

—We are glad to know that the recent fire in Hawley st., Boston, caused but a trifling interruption to the business of the firm of which Mr. B. B. Conant is the head.

—First church will hold their meeting next Tuesday evening, at 7:30, p. m., in the large vestry. Interesting service will be given and those who have never attended are requested to be present.

—Under the influence of the south wind and rain which set in last Sunday afternoon, the sleighing rapidly disappeared, but the lower strata of ice remained, leaving a first class base for more snow.

—The Y. P. S. C. E. of the Baptist church will hold their meeting next Sunday evening, at quarter past six o'clock, in the small vestry. Subject: "Why is Christ precious to you?" Eph. 2: 1-10.

—The Macedonian Society of the Bap-

—Last Sabbath was a peculiarly interesting day for the Baptist church. At the morning service eight candidates were baptized and in the evening ten more of the young people, at the 6:15 meeting, expressed a desire to become Christians.

—In response to a demand made manifest in several ways, we have this week issued another time table calendar, and copies of the same can be had at this office, or of Messrs. Hall, Upham and Tilden. It is the most convenient and useful of any we have seen.

—We were pleased this week to sign a petition to the Selectmen asking them to call a special town meeting to vote upon the matter of adopting the Australian system in balloting for town officers at the approaching spring election. After two years of trial of this system as applied to state affairs, the last vestige of opposition to it has been removed by the ease with which the voting is accomplished, the perfect independence of action it insures. By all means let us have the Australian ballot system adopted before the annual March meeting.

—To show just what they could do when put to the test, Arlington Boat Club bowling team piled up a score in the contest with the Newton team, last Friday evening, of which every one may well be proud. Three of the five made records of over five hundred, and the other two were so near that figure that the average exceeded 500, the grand total for the five being 2532, the second highest score yet made in the tournament. The Newtons played with substitutes for two of their best men, which accounts for the small total of their bowling. The Arlingtons took a lead of 121 pins on the first string, and in the second made one of the highest aggregates in the tournament. The visitors braced a little on the last string, but even then the home team came off victorious by 354 pins. The following is the full score:—

—David P. Hall, an old and highly respected citizen of West Roxbury, died at his residence on Garden street, Monday, Jan. 5, at the age of 79 years, 1 month, 24 days. He was born in Barrington, N. H., near Dover, Nov. 11, 1811, and at the age of 17 he came to Newton, where he lived several years and attended Mr. Rice's well-known school. He was afterwards a foreman at the old chemical works in Roxbury, near Hogg's bridge, and came from that place to West Roxbury. He was a stone mason by trade, and was appointed road master in West Roxbury, which place he held for a long period of years. After annexation to Boston he was continued for 11 years in the same position. Mr. Hall was a member of the South Evangelical church. He leaves two sons and a daughter. He was a man highly esteemed for his many honorable qualities, and for a sturdy simplicity and trustworthy character. Funeral services were held at his late residence Wednesday afternoon, Rev. Mr. Beckwith officiating, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Todd.

—The Charles H. Goodwin, who was arrested in Boston, last Saturday, for uttering and passing forged checks, was at one time a resident of Arlington, boarding with Mrs. Jarvis, on Pleasant street. He came with a brother-in-law, a Mr. Arthur, who resided in the dwelling next to the Congregational church, but did not live in his sister's home. His acquaintance with people residing in Arlington was utilized in securing victims to be robbed by his bogus checks. His plan was to go to some bank, secure a blank check, fill it out and despatch it by a messenger from one of the down town hotels, generally Young's, the Quincy House or the Tremont House. After he despatched the check by the boy he would follow him. If the boy secured the money, he would meet him on the street, receive it, and pay the lad; if suspicion was aroused, he would be following him, be enabled to escape detection. He gave a list of the firms whom he had swindled in this way, and among them appear the name of Harrington & Freeman who cashed a check purporting to be signed by C. H. Proctor. Freeman and Proctor are both members of Arlington Boat Club, and known to Goodwin. The amounts obtained by Goodwin were twenty dollars and less in each case.

—The three highest aggregate scores made in the Amateur Inter-club Bowling League thus far, are as follows: Boston Athletic Association, 2561; Arlington, 2532; Newton, 2500. The following is the standing of the clubs to date:

ARLINGTON BOAT CLUB.

1st 2nd 3rd Bowler. String. String. String. Total.

Flanders,..... 189 184 152 525

Shepard,..... 137 166 185 488

Whittemore,..... 187 168 154 509

Hill,..... 179 157 162 498

Stevens,..... 136 199 177 512

Totals,..... 822 874 830 2532

NEWTON CLUB.

1st 2nd 3rd Bowler. String. String. String. Total.

Tapley,..... 155 144 120 419

Savage,..... 167 138 188 493

Hamilton,..... 115 150 173 438

Carter,..... 127 127 140 394

Brown,..... 143 123 168 434

Totals,..... 707 682 789 2178

Referee.—B. F. Swan, Jr. Scorers.—Hawley, Homer.

The Newton players were accompanied by a considerable delegation of club members and friends, and at the conclusion of the bowling, a pleasant social hour was enjoyed by all.

The three highest aggregate scores made in the Amateur Inter-club Bowling League thus far, are as follows: Boston

Athletic Association, 2561; Arlington, 2532; Newton, 2500. The following is the standing of the clubs to date:

Teams. Games played. Won. Lost.

Arlingtons,..... 11 8 2

Concord,..... 11 7 4

Newtons,..... 11 6 5

Boston Athlets,..... 11 8 3

Woodland Park,..... 11 2 9

Chelsea,..... 11 2 9

—The subject of Mrs. Abba Goold Woolson's next lecture will be "Isabella of Spain." Date Jan. 22d.

—Rev. I. C. Tomlinson, pastor of the Universalist church, has received a call to the church of that denomination in Cleveland, and has the same under consideration.

—Tuesday evening the Newton team bowed with the Boston Athletic team, and in the third string rolled up a score that won the game and reversed the position of the clubs in the League table, Newton is third and Boston fourth.

—The appointments of the committees of the Legislature were announced last Tuesday. Senator Raymond has a place on the Railroad committee; Representative Tuttle is House chairman of the Committee on Administrative Boards and Commissions.

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—Last Sunday morning another company of young people were immersed at the Baptist church, after an impressive sermon preached by the pastor, Rev. C. H. Watson. The audience present was an unusually large one.

—A party of boys and girls about twelve years of age made a jolly sleigh ride party, last Saturday afternoon, riding to Lexington and return in Clark's boat-sleigh. Mrs. S. G. Damon chaperoned the party. A similar party, only somewhat older, young people, went on a ride the evening before, under the chaperonage of Mrs. Jas. A. Marden.

—The Chas. V. Marsh Camp, Mass. Div.-S. V. U. S. A., will hold a public installation of their officers in G. A. R. Hall, Arlington, this (Friday) evening. Quite a number of young men of this town are members of the Camp and Lexington will doubtless be represented on this interesting occasion.

—We are informed that Somerville Electric Light Co. is about ready to introduce their system of lighting into dwellings, running here the special wire required for this branch of the service. This light is sold by meter, at the rate of about one cent an hour for a sixteen candle light, or on a basis equivalent to 20 per thousand for a similar light with gas. Parties desiring further information can obtain full particulars by addressing the company at the Somerville office.

—Mrs. Ellen J. Walker of this town is giving a course of eight lectures on "English Fiction," at Hotel Flower, Boston. The first lecture was given this week, on Wednesday evening, the subject being "George Eliot." The lecture introduced the age of English fiction and the classification under four heads, of three distinct types of novelists. The class to which this author belongs, her life, genius, the key to success and her power, concluding with her position in literature were the headings on which Mrs. Walker based her opening lecture.

—The West Roxbury News of last week contained the notice of the death of the father of Mr. Cassius M. Hall, the Pleasant street grocer, and in referring to the event the News says:—

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Be Sure You're Right.
Be sure you're right, then go ahead!
That's what a brave man wisely said,
And every man in wisdom's light
Can surely tell the wrong from right,
So that, the evil knowing, he
May work for good and victory.

There will be some who'll give and sneer
At humble effort, but 'tis clear
That he who dares to do the right
Shall some day conquer in the right
If, heading not the scoffer's cry,
He march right on'er faithfully.

The grandest victory ever won
Are blessings sent for good deeds done,
And richer far than crowns of gold,
Or gems of fabulous wealth untold,
Is that bright crown of gratitude
The world gives to its brave and good.

Oh, toiler standing at the plow!
Oh, workman with the sweating brow!
Yours is the mission to fulfill,

The carrying out of Heaven's will,
And yours the triumph of success,
If bravely on you ever press.

Take courage, then, and do your best;
There'll surely come a day of rest.

When sweetest flowers shall strew your way,

And cold December turn to May;

March with the hero's firmest tread—

"Be sure you're right, then go ahead!"

—[Caleb Dunn.

IN THE LIGHTHOUSE.

Loud was the dash of the angry billows against the face of the cliff upon which the old lighthouse stood, as our heroine, whom we shall call Janet Walker, sat busily engaged upon the coarse jacket of a seaman, in the small, neat apartment of her bleak home.

James Walker had that morning gone to the shore; he sometimes remained there during the night, and as the present was uncommonly wild, he had almost given up his return, but as old Andrew, who was a thorough sailor, remained her guardian on the cliff, she experienced no terror for herself. In a cot beside her slept the joy and pride of her heart, her darling Willie, whose fifth year had just been celebrated by the humble parents with no small pomp.

"There!" she said, with a housewife's pride, as she held up the completed work. "Well done, and just in time"—as she heard a heavy step on the stairs. "You are late tonight, dear," she continued, without looking round, still adjusting the garment.

"Not too late to be welcome, though perhaps not expected" said a gruff voice. She turned in terror, and behold—not her husband, but one Luke Ridley—a low, ruffianly fellow, who in early life had been a sort of suitor of her own.

"Take no thought for Jim. He'll sleep sound tonight. I'll warrant me," he continued, in a tone that froze her blood. "Come in, Simpkins. And now, sweetheart, you show us where your husband's money is; but there's no hurry, so first give us a bit of cold meat or something."

The brute seated himself opposite to her, regarding her with as insolent a stare as his intoxicated features could assume.

Janet was a brave woman, but her heart failed her as she looked at the pair of villains, especially as she had heard old Andrew's retreating steps, and the wash of the boat as he left the rock. Her safety, therefore, she saw depended upon her own presence of mind. With as steady a hand as she could command, she set before the ruffians the remains of a meal, and to their repeated threats added a flask of spirits, which she felt would render her case almost desperate. One thing she was thankful for—they had not noticed Willie, whose small bed stood in a sort of niche.

Watching her opportunity, when the spirits began to tell, she seized a fowling-piece from the wall, and fired at the dark villain. Merciful powers, it missed!

"Hail that's your game, is it?" Ridley cried, springing up. "You shall pay for that," as he wrenched her into a seat. "Simpkins, some rope here, quick." Binding her arms to the back of the chair, he exclaimed, "There, you young vixen. We'll take your husband's money, then come up and settle with you. I've not forgotten how you jilted me six years ago."

The heavy tramp of the worthies was soon heard descending the stairs.

"Mamma!" and a bright golden head was thrust out of its nook. "What shall I do?" in a loud whisper.

"Take my scissors, Willie, and cut these ropes."

In a moment her small ally had severed the bonds. Waiting until she heard the ruffians descend to the lowest apartment, she caught up Willie and ran after them. Her heart beat in loud throb as she entered the basement in which was the trap-door through which they had descended.

For a moment she paused; then, with a swift, light step, she approached the trap-door. If she failed, it was death. She seized the heavy planks—they

swung over. In a moment it closed with a loud snap.

Fast and furious were the curses of the robbers. Seizing Willie, she hurried to the ladder leading down from the lighthouse to the rocks, but before she had descended she heard the crash which told her they were again at liberty.

In the ledge, or shelving rocks, on which the lighthouse stood, were many irregularities, almost amounting to small caves. Into one of these Janet thrust her boy, charging him on no account to speak unless she called him.

"But, dear mamma, this is the Kelpie's rock," he said, alluding to a traditional ghost-story of the neighborhood.

"Never mind, dear, the Kelpie is not at home." As she spoke she saw the ruffians descending the ladder.

"Where is this sea-dragon?" they cried. "We'll make her hard and fast this time, anyhow."

The oaths with which the villain's threats were accompanied made her blood run cold; but she continued to screen herself near the rocks, until a beam of moonlight discovered her hiding-place.

"Now, madam, at high-tide it's all over with you," said Luke Ridley. I shall lay you, my dear, on these stones, with your pretty head just above the tide, for half an hour—no more. You see that white line there? Well, in half an hour that will flow over these rocks."

In spite of her struggle, she was soon secured; and while her tormentors retired to mend the only boat the island afforded—their own had been carried off by Andrew—she heard the lap, lap of the advancing tide.

Once she thought she saw, in the distance, a boat. It must be Andrew. Should she scream? No, they would return and kill her; besides, Willie was yet safe. Oh, if they would but go!

Scrapes of their conversation reached her ears.

"I say, Simpkins, make haste mending that boat! There is a revenue cutter somewhere hereabout, and that woman's bawling might have reached them. We must be gone."

"I can't make this old knife work," said the other, in a drawling tone.

Yes, there was a boat, lifting and falling on the distant foam. Would it come too late? The cold water had reached her waist—her neck.

"Mamma, I am so afraid the Kelpie will come home!" and white face was thrust out, to her terror.

"No, Willie—no, dear!" she whispered; "go back!"

"Yes, mamma; and if he comes, I'll say you sent me."

The water was just beneath her chin. Oh, the agony!

"Willie!"

"Yes, mamma," came the whisper. "There is a knife there; can you reach and get it?"

She watched the little form as it wound along in the shadow of the rock.

"Here, mamma!"

In a moment she had directed him to cut her arm free. Then, with a rapid stroke, she freed herself.

Creeping along in the dark shadow of the rocks, she reached the ladder unperceived; for the men had never seen the advancing boat. Faint and dizzy, she hurried up the lighthouse, and soon the bell swung its rapid peal over the waves, while Willie cheered from a loophole, "Mamma, boat coming! Bad men leave the rocks!"

"Lighthouse, ahoy!" was the musical note that greeted her, as twelve blue jacks bent to the oar.

One wild scream answered, and she fainted.

When she returned to consciousness, Willie was smoothing her face, while the stairs resounded to the tramp of many feet. The door burst open.

"Thank heaven, we come in time to save you! My boat picked up your man, Andrews and you are now under the protection of Lieut. Shirley, of the Arrow."

Held in the grip of the seamen, she beheld Luke Ridley, one of her foes; the other had shot himself when taken. Luke Ridley was transported for life.

Little remains to be told. James Walker was badly wounded by the ruffians, but he survived. As for Willie, report speaks him—now thirty years since the date of my story—one of the bravest and most accomplished captains in the line of Royal Mail steamers; and as his fine vessel rounds a certain headland, he will sometimes tell his friends of the night when he hid in the Kelpie's Hole.—[New York World.]

—

One of the most excellent of the recent innovations is the introduction of metal ceilings in place of wood and plaster. These ceilings do not shrink or burn like wood.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

A FAMOUS FEMALE SCULPTOR.

Harriet Hosmer, the sculptor, is a little woman who has not a masculine trait about her. It is forty years since she began the life-work which has made her famous, but time has dealt kindly with her. Her round face beams with a constant smile, and her bright, black eyes sparkle with good humor. Her brown hair is brushed smoothly back from her broad forehead and a black silk net holds it in place. She is usually attired in a neat costume of black silk and velvet, and wears a wide lace scarf about her throat.—[New York Star.]

SOLITAIRE RINGS ARE OUT.

The day of the huge and brutal solitaire diamond in an engagement ring is over. Men will continue to offer them to their fiancees, but if a girl wants to be very, very correct, she must say: "I prefer something extremely simple—a true-lover's knot in very small diamonds, or diamonds and cat's-eyes, or diamonds and rubies; but it must be simple and inexpensive." There are numerous good reasons for this, the chief of which is the vulgarizing of the solitaire diamond in every possible way. The first thing a woman of vulgar taste buys is a big diamond ring and solitaire ear-rings; but the "correct" girl eschews ear-rings altogether, and for a ring prefers something inconspicuous and unique. A tiny true-lover's knot is the thing; or a little heart set around with small stones. Pearls are beautiful, but not advisable for rings, as the action of water ruins them.—[Illustrated American.]

TWO NOTED WHITE HOUSE LADIES.

Of the women who have had fame and greatness thrust upon them by their husbands becoming Presidents, but two stand out as possessing more than average brains or showing more than negative characters. Mrs. Washington's tastes were for him and housekeeping, and the official duties imposed upon her as "first lady" were a ceremonious bore. She went through them with dignity and according to rule, but she counted time thus spent as her "lost days."

But Mrs. Abigail Adams, wife of John Adams, is famous on her own score as well as by accident of the position of her husband as President. She had remarkable political insight, and was the first woman in America to demand equal rights for women, and urged her husband, pending the adoption of the constitution in 1776, to remember the women, and said they would not hold themselves to obey the laws in which they had no voice. Of course "John" was talked down in the convention, but her son, John Quincy, afterward took up her side in Congress.—[Pittsburg Dispatch.]

HOW TO DRESS.

Buy one suit a year and have it well made, if the rest of the gowns are evolved out of shreds and patches, says the Boston Traveller. Remember, it is not always economy to try to buy a dress to be worn all the year round. You are then frequently never really suitably dressed. A good winter suit may be made to do the duty two seasons with a little freshening, so the winter and summer gowns may be bought on alternate years. Wait a little until modes cease to fluctuate and embryonic fashion fads have died the death or crystallized into permanency, before creasing or cutting.

FASHION NOTES.

The silken fleece of the Chinese poole is used for lining some cloaks.

Sleeves are still very long, coming down over the hand. Theodora fashion.

Embroidered crepe is probably the most fashionable stuff used for evening dresses.

Table silver to be fashionable must be modeled after the designs of the middle ages.

The stones most often selected for Marquise ring is an opal surrounded with diamonds.

The ribbon so much used as trimming at the present time is of gros grain with satin edges.

Among jewels there is a new stone to which the French have given the name of "Pierre Tonkinoise."

Flowers are not to be worn with evening dress this year, unless the dress is trimmed with flowers.

All the inhabitants of the fashionable world are wearing gloves to match their gowns, whether they be blue, green or red.

Stylish jackets are made of blue officers' cloth, tight fitting, with shoulder pieces and sleeves braided with a dark shade of blue.

A slashed puff of contrasting material carried all around the figure just below the waist is an improvement to some of the evening dresses.

"What has set you to talking in that strain?" asked her companion. "Have you been having trouble with bashful young men?"

"No, they're not bashful, goodness knows, but they are foolish." And then she lowered her voice to a little

above a whisper and continued: "You know Mr. Waitwhile has been calling upon me for nearly two years, and for the last several months he has been just dying to propose. I did everything a lady could reasonably be expected to do to make it easy for him. You know how awful it would appear if we seemed to urge matters in the least. But still he hesitated and waited until I became exasperated. As a last resort I thought I might bring him to his senses by telling him that a certain other young gentleman, whose name I did not mention, wished to call on me, and I wanted him to intimate if such an arrangement would be agreeable to him.

"He didn't have spunk enough to say anything to me, but in the privacy of his own room he wrote me, saying he feared his society was no longer agreeable to me, and that he would await an invitation from me before calling again. Now he's a good young man, sensible in everything else but lovemaking. Of course when he comes back matters will be brought to an understanding, but it is awfully humiliating to have to write to him."

"If I were in your place," said her companion, who had been a patient and very much interested listener to the story, "I'd just let him go and let the other young gentleman call in his stead."

"But there is no other young gentleman. I just made up that story for the occasion, you understand."

"Oh!" said her companion, "that's very different."—[Chicago Herald.]

FOR ROSEBUDS OF MARRIAGE.

Let me venture a few little points to those of my girls who since the summer have worn a bright ring on their third finger, says the Ladies' Home Journal.

My dear, don't let the man to whom you are engaged to be married pay any of the expenses of your living or trousseau until you are his wife. A calico dress and contentment are much more to be desired than a fine silk one garnished with scandal.

Don't complain to the man to whom you are engaged of the different members of your own family; it is not a good preface to matrimonial bliss.

Don't write silly letters to him, even if he is fond of affection given in that way. Let it be by word of mouth; rather than with pen and ink.

Don't expect him to love you as no man has ever loved before; the methods of loving are very much the same all the world over. Be satisfied if you have got a good, honest love.

Don't believe that he is a combination in beauty of all the ancient gods, of all the gallant knights and of all the great statesmen; but conclude that he is a gentleman, and that should be your ideal.

Don't believe that he is thinking of you every hour of his life. He is not; be satisfied if he is working away, with every now and then giving a thought to the girl for whom he is making a home over which he expects her to preside as a loving, thoughtful wife.

VARIOUS USES OF KEROSENE.

There are many ways in which kerosene may be utilized in housework. The following have been collated by Good Housekeeping: Marks on tables caused by hot dishes may be removed by kerosene rubbed in well with a soft cloth, finishing with a little cologne water, rubbed dry with another cloth.

When giving the final polish to stoves, before putting away for the summer, mix the blacking with a little kerosene instead of water, to prevent rust. Tarnished paint may be cleaned by rubbing with a cloth wet with kerosene. Black walnut, or any wood finished in oil, may be kept bright by polishing with kerosene.

Pour a teaspoonful of kerosene into each quart of boiled starch, for a gloss. This will also prevent irons sticking to thin goods. Kerosene will brighten silver. Rub lamp-chimneys with newspaper on which has been poured a little kerosene. This will make them much clearer than if soap is used; they will also be less liable to crack.

To remove rust from steel, rub with kerosene and soak for a day, polishing with emery dust and kerosene. Rub rusty flatirons with kerosene. Kerosene will soften boots and shoes hardened by water, and render them as pliable as new. Brighten zinc with kerosene.

A tablespoonful of kerosene in a boiler of clothes will greatly facilitate the rubbing. Iron and polished steel, when not in use, may be kept from rusting by wiping with a cloth on which a little kerosene has been poured. Oilcloth may be brightened by rubbing with kerosene. All soiled spots found around door knobs on light-painted doors may be removed by kerosene on flannel cloth, with no injury to the paint. Kerosene poured on red flannel and bound on the throat will greatly ease a sore throat. It will also heal cuts and cure chilblains.

RECEIPE.

Apeas.—One-half pound of flour, one-quarter pound butter, one-quarter pound sugar, a tonic glassful of water, one-eighth glass of rose water, one teaspoonful nutmeg and cinnamon (mixed).

German Toast.—This is a simple dish that many are familiar with. Cut stale slices of bread half an inch thick; dip first in milk, allowing each slice to remain long enough to soak up some of it, then dip in beaten eggs and fry brown in hot butter. Sprinkle with sugar and a very little powdered cinnamon.

White kid gloves have taken the place of tan shades for evening tolets. They are worn smooth on the arms and shorter than formerly.

A tiny true lover's knot, or a little heart set around with small stones, is the engagement ring now selected by young girls of "correct" taste.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

REMOVING GREASE FROM CLOTH.

There are various ways of removing grease from cloth, and each way has its adherents, but as there are different kinds of grease and different dyes, a never-failing cleanser has yet to be discovered. Sometimes the following preparation works like magic: Put some salts of wormwood in a cup and leave

CLIPPINGS.

Some New York lawyers make \$250,000 a year.

Electricity moves at the rate of 288,000 miles a second.

The orange crop in Seville and Sicily is reported a failure.

A number of New York churches advertise their services in the elevated trains.

The commander-in-chief of Uncle Sam's army receives a salary of \$13,000 a year.

Korea has only twenty-four missionaries, or about one to every 500,000 people.

Washington Irving's father was a Scotchman, while his mother was of English parentage.

Cincinnati pedlers complain because they are paying the city \$11,285, while the street-car companies pay but \$26,029.

It is estimated that four-fifths of the engines now working in the world have been built within the last twenty-five years.

There are a dozen bathrooms in Washington that have cost all the way from \$1000 to \$10,000 apiece. One Senator's house has nine bathrooms, all of which are finished in mahogany.

In order that bread baked at a United States Army garrison bakery shall not come in competition with that sold by citizen bakers, it can only be sold to persons connected with the military service.

For the benefit of American and English tourists the Swedish Tourist Society is erecting three tourist huts in Lapland at Harsprang, Stora Sjofallet, and close to Kjelkjokk in order to enable tourists crossing from Norway to north Sweden to spend the nights there.

A Substitute for Cream.

Take three cocoanuts, the fresher the better, scrape the white meat or inside covering and squeeze it in a thick muslin bag. The white juice will be found an excellent substitute for cream, and in fact seems to bring out the flavor of the coffee and add a taste that is very pleasing. This is often used in the West Indies. —[New York Tribune.]

Prevention

Is better than cure, and people who are subject to rheumatism can prevent attacks by keeping the blood pure and free from the acid which causes the disease. This suggests the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla, unquestionably the best blood purifier, and which has been used with great success for this very purpose by many people.

Hood's Sarsaparilla has also cured innumerable cases of rheumatism of the severest sort by its powerful effect in neutralizing the acid of the blood, and in enabling the kidneys and liver to properly remove the waste of the system. Try it.

N. B. Be sure to get

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1. six for 35. Prepared only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

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Architecture more than any other of the fine arts appeals to practical good taste as well as to the imagination. And surely open fireplaces appeal to both.

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In Oak, Walnut, Cherry, Mahogany, and Ivory White finish we can usually supply all orders from stock without delay.

Orders in special woods, or for special sizes, are executed at low cost. We furnish designs if desired, or will estimate from the architect's plans and submit close figures for the work.

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[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 12, 1891.

Free silver coinage is in every body's mouth just now, and its friends say that nothing can prevent the adoption by the Senate of a free coinage amendment to the financial bill, when the measure is voted upon, and as the voting is to begin on Wednesday of the present week, the excitement is beginning to run quite high. It is also stated by the same parties that the bill can be passed by the Senate, and that Speaker Reed has stated privately that, although personally opposed to the bill, he will not attempt to exercise his authority as Speaker to defeat it.

There's no tariff on credulity, and any body can believe that Mr. Reed has made such a statement who wishes to, but I beg to be excused. The Senate may, in fact it is almost certain to adopt the free coinage amendment, and the House may also do the same, but the foundation for believing that it will not be at all solid. If such an amendment goes through the House, it will in my opinion first have to overcome the active opposition of Mr. Reed and some of the hardest parliamentary fighters, on both sides of the House, to say nothing of the opposition of Mr. Harrison and his administration, who has already shown himself to be a powerful factor in controlling and forcing legislation in the House, although it has failed in the Senate.

There are some queer things about this financial matter, and some surprises may be in store for the country before it is settled. Senator-elect Calvin S. Brice, who is also chairman of the Democratic national committee, has been conferring with prominent Democrats here, and it is believed that his object is to combine the Democrats in Congress in favor of free coinage, which would result in killing off Mr. Cleveland as a Presidential candidate, as he is supposed to stand above Mr. Harrison on that subject. Another puzzling thing is that men in both parties who are known to be bitterly opposed to free coinage, are as much as clams as to what they propose doing. Only three Republican Senators—Sherman, Morrill and Hinsdale—have spoken against free coinage, and not a single Democrat has spoken against it, although a number of them have spoken for it.

Representative Turner's explanation of the forgery of the letter offering a bribe, which he is alleged to have written to Mr. McGrath of the Kansas Farmers Alliance, is accepted by those who know him, but the general public demands something more definite—the arrest and punishment of the forger for instance. This Mr. Turner says will be done as quick as he can locate the man, whose name he has not made public.

Much surprise was created by a report from the Committee of Foreign Relations which was presented to the Senate Saturday. After reciting the great importance to this country of the Nicaragua ship canal and the progress made by the company which is building it, it recommends that the law chartering that company be amended so as to make the United States Government guarantee the \$100,000,000 of bonds which it is estimated will be required to build the canal, in order that the aforesaid bonds may be sold at par. That would certainly be an excellent arrangement for the company, but where does Uncle Sam come in? If the concern is profitable the company will, of course, take care of its bonds and retain all the profits, but if it is unprofitable Uncle Sam will have to foot the bills. Inquisitive people are already asking ugly questions about this proposition, which will hardly get through the House, even if the Senate should adopt it.

The House isn't making much progress with the Shipping bill, and its opponents are expressing more confidence of defeating it.

Democratic Senators are very much afraid that the Election bill will again be taken up by the Senate after the financial bill is disposed of, but so far as I can learn none of its Republican friends appear to have any hope of its ever becoming a law, though they admit their intention to try to get it before the Senate again in a few days, but it will be a very difficult job, as the apportionment bill, the Pure Food bill, and the Labor bills, to say nothing of the regular appropriation bills, will all antagonize it.

Representative Anderson, of Kansas, wants to know something about the combine of western railroads now being consummated by Jay Gould in New York, and he has offered a resolution instructing the Inter State Commerce Commission to ascertain what is being done and to report to Congress. There are a good many other people who agree with Mr. Anderson and it is to be hoped that the information may be obtained.

A bill has been introduced in the Senate by Mr. Morrill, chairman of the committee on Public Buildings and Grounds, providing for an addition to the White House upon plans suggested by Mrs. Harrison.

A handcar which moves along the tracks and mows weeds fifteen feet away is one of the innovations in railroad machinery. It will do to go very well with the rotary snow plow as an illustration of automatic intelligence.

Mr. William Astor, of New York, enjoys an income of \$23,595 a day; Mr. John D. Rockefeller's amounts to \$18,715; Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt's to \$15,000, and Mr. Jay Gould's to \$7,450.

No child can sleep soundly while suffering with cold or from teething. Remove the cause by using Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. Only 25 cents.

Phillips Bros. & Co. have purchased the business of the Cambridge Furniture Co., 556 Main St., Cambridgeport. The Phillips brothers (Charles and Lewis) formerly resided in Arlington, and would like to see their friends in their new store. They also continue their desk and bookcase manufactory at 626 to 630 Main St. See their advertisement this week.

Chinese in Agriculture.

A Chinaman in this city has a garden ten feet wide at one end, twenty at the other and forty feet long that has produced more garden truck and will produce more than any white man's truck patch of an acre of ground. White men could get pointers on agriculture from these same heathen Chinese, as it has been their study for centuries to know how to utilize every square foot of land they cultivate.—Rapid City Republican.

Love and Money.

Verisoft—I love you, dear Alice, and I ask you to be my wife.

Alice—But you are too poor to buy the engagement ring.

Verisoft—Yes, but you can loan me the money.—Jeweler's Circular.

Rheumatism.

Our daughter had the rheumatism so severe that she was helpless for months. We were induced through our uncle, James McFarland, of this place, to give Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, made at Rondout, N. Y., a trial. In a short time she began to improve, slept well, and soon recovered from all effects of the dread disease.—L. M. Sanford, No. 315 Fifth St., Des Moines, Iowa.

Dry and Fancy Goods
Cents' Furnishings
IN NEW AND NOVEL STYLES.

We make a specialty of

Boots and Shoes.

W. M. H. SMITH,
MAIN ST., LEXINGTON.

WILLIAM A. GOOLIN,
Has removed from the building he has occupied for a year, to rooms in the
Massachusetts House,
where he will continue to fill all orders promptly for
Upholstering, Decorating
Mattress making neatly done.

Lexington Fruit Stand.
CHOICE SUPPLY OF ALL KINDS
OF NUTS FOR THE
HOLIDAYS.

V. ONETO, Proprietor.

Fruits, Olive Oil, Macaroni, Etc.

21 Main St.

CEO. H. JACKSON,

DEALER IN

PROVISIONS

OF ALL KINDS,

Poultry, Vegetables,

FRUITS,

In their season.

Fresh Oysters a Specialty.

Store in Norris Block,

MAIN STREET, LEXINGTON.

16 Main St.

A. C. WASHBURN,

Carpenter AND Builder,

Work done by the Day or Contract

JOBBING OF ALL KINDS

Done at shortest notice.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Residence, Forest St., Lexington, Mass.

16 Main St.

GEORGE E. MUZZEY,

DEALER IN

LUMBER!

Lime, Cement, Hair, etc.,

and Building Materials Generally.

Agent for Brailey's, FERTILIZERS of

all kinds, and Akron Drain Pipe.

OUTSIDE WINDOWS, ETC.

Office and Yards

MAIN STREET, LEXINGTON.

Programmes, Dance Orders, Tickets, etc., cheap at this office.

SHOE MAKER

—AND—

REPAIRER,

JOHN THOLDEN, MAIN STREET, LEXINGTON.

Besides the usual line of boots and shoes, we

keep a full assortment of Overalls and Blouses, etc.

16 Main St.

Frank Peabody,

(Successor to Warren A. Peirce.)

DEALER IN

Coals, Wood, Hay, Straw, Lime,

Cement Plaster Hair Fertilizers etc.

Portland Drain and Sewer Pipe

Orders by Mail or Telephone will receive

prompt attention.

P. O. BOX 136, LEXINGTON.

Telephone, 145-3.

Orders for teaming promptly attended to. Office and yards near centre depot, Lexington.

Dr. GEORGE A. RAYMOND,

DENTIST,

408 HARVARD ST., COR. PLUMPTON,

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

18 Nov.

HARD AND SOFT WOOD

Hard Wood, \$7.00

Pine Wood, \$6.00

3 cuts, 82 per cord sawed and split.

FRANK PEABODY.

16 Nov.

Deformity from Bright's Disease.

S. D. Van Buskirk, of Demarest, N. J., says:

"Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy,

of Rondout, N. Y., has cured our daughter of

Bright's Disease, after all other means had

failed. She was so swollen that she measured

45 inches around the wrist, and 18 inches be-

low the knee. To say that we feel thankful

for such a boor as Favorite Remedy is but a

poor expression."

ROYAL
BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—U. S. Government Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

EAST LEXINGTON LOCALS.

—Every one always looks forward to the organization of the General Court of Massachusetts with much interest, and now that the session has begun the future alone can tell what good and effective work the Legislature of '91 will do.

—The January thaw of Sunday spoiled the good sleighing. It remains to be seen whether we enjoy ninety days of sleighing this winter as the weather prophets predict.

—Ice every where. "Look down and not up" has been the motto with pedestrians.

—Rev. Mr. Blunt preached last Sabbath, taking his text from different places, his subject being "The Brotherhood of Man."

—The Chautauqua Club met with Mrs. Frazer H. Locke, last Monday afternoon. She had a very pleasant meeting, the time being occupied with a review of the outline history of England which they had studied the past three months. The next gathering will be with Mrs. Hawkins.

—There were large sleighing parties from various cities and towns every evening last week at the Willard. They apparently had jolly times and found the proprietor, Mr. Locke, the man for the place.

—The Euchre Club met at Mr. F. Alderman's this week.

—The Charles V. Marsh Camp, Sons of Veterans, had a very pleasant social dancing party at Village Hall, last Tuesday evening. The party was conducted by young men from Arlington and Lexington. Holbrook's band furnished excellent music and the cold, crisp air only rendered the dancers more enthusiastic and the refreshments served more appetizing. Village Hall is just the place for real enjoyment when the parties are not large. It always gives a cheery, social welcome.

—Plenty of ice cream next summer. We can keep cool without counting the cost.

—There was no session of the schools last week Wednesday, as the teachers visited, we think, some of the Boston schools.

—The gentlemen committee solicit contributors to the fair. Will they allow the "fair ones" to have a finger in this part of the pie?

—This is the weather that makes the blacksmiths happy. It is particularly true in regard to the horses, that "All's well that ends well."

—Our reading room is frequented, these winter evenings, and is a most pleasant place to read the latest magazines and papers.

—The circulars are out announcing the grand fair which comes off Jan. 28 and 29, at Village Hall, in aid of the Follen church. Having received no official notice to proclaim as yet the many and great inducements which it offers, and as it does not come off until another issue of our paper, we forbear from entering into details this week. If the shadow cast by coming events is always true, there is promise of a great affair. All are anxious to see what the gentlemen can do with the reins of government entirely in their own hands and they are as equally determined to rival and equal the ladies of the Follen church, which is no slight task.

—We hear that the Toboggan Club had a pleasant party in Village Hall this week. There is a compensation for every loss.

—We are informed that Father Kavanaugh, of St. Bridget's church, has a select party at this evening. Surely Village Hall is in demand.

—Miss Maria Butterfield has been detained at home by a week's sickness, which has necessitated the temporary closing of the Howard school.

—Notwithstanding the heavy rain and bad travelling last Sunday, quite a large number assembled at the Follen church. The hour was devoted to testimony, prayer and singing. The services were conducted by Mr. David S. Muzzey and the subject was the Prodigal Son. There will be a meeting next Sabbath, at Follen church, by the young people, at 3:15, p. m. All are invited.

—The School Committee has decided to hire no music teacher for the remainder of the year but let the teachers instruct the children according to the methods adopted by Mr. Cutler. All feel that it will be a hard place for a new teacher.

—And she went and did according to the saying of Elijah; and she, and he, and her house did eat many days (Margin: "A full year").

—Here again is obedience and consequent blessing. It was a poor time to take in a boarder, with not enough in the house for present company. It seemed to the disciples a poor time to have 5,000 hungry men around when five loaves and two fishes were all that the disciples had for themselves. But they learned, and this widow learned, that "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth" (Prov. xi, 24). Many are poor because they keep their little all for themselves.

—And she went and did according to the word of the Lord, which He spoke to Elijah.

—This is the fourth time that we have met in this lesson the expression, "the word of the Lord." We called attention to it in the second verse, urging full subjection.

GOD'S CARE OF ELIJAH.

LESSON III, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JAN. 18.

Text of the Lesson, I Kings xvii, 1-16. Commit Verses, 2-5—Golden Text, Ps. xxiv, 10—Commentary by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Compiled from Lesson Helper Quarterly by permission of H. S. Hoffman, publisher, Philadelphia.]

1. "And Elijah the Tishbite, who was of the inhabitants of Gilead, said unto Abah."